

PIANOS

SEVEN GOLD MEDALS Have just been awarded to

CHARLES M. STIEFF. At the different Fairs held in the South, in October and November, 1869, for the best Pianos, over eight different New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore Pianos.

OFFICE AND WARROOM, No. 9 NORTH LIBERTY ST., BALTIMORE, MD.

STIEFF'S PIANOS have all the latest improvements, including the AGRAFFE TRESLE,
lvory Fronts, and the Inproved franch Action,
fully warranted for Five Years, to purchasers.
Second hand Pinnos and Parlor Organs always
en hand, from \$50 to \$300.

Referes who have our Pianos in use:—Gen. R.
E., Lee, Lexington, Virginia; Gen. Robt. Ransom, Wilmington, N.C.; Gen. D. H. Hill, Charlotte, N.C.; Gov. John Letcher, Lexington, Va.;
John Burna, W. Eby, John B. Packett, Andrew
Aldridge and Thos M. Isbell, Jefferson Co., W. Va.
82-Send for a circular containing names of 800
persons in the South, who have purchased the
Stista Pianos since the war closed.

TERMS LIBERAL. A call solicited.
March 22, 1870.

Wm. Knabe & Co., GRAND, SQUARE AND UPRIGHT Piano Fortes.

WARROOMS,
No. 350 W. Ballmore St. near Eutaw, BALTIMORE, MD. These Instruments have been before the Public for nearly Thirty years, and upon their excellency alone attained an unpuschased PRE-EMINENCE, which pronounces them unequaled. Their

TONE combines great power, sweetness and fine singing quality, as well as great purity of Intonation, and evenness throughout the entire scale. Their

TOUCH
is plisht and clastic, and entirely free from the stiffness found in so many Pianos. In

WORKMANSHIP WORKMANSHIP
they are unexcelled, using none but the very best
ssasoned MATEMAL, the large capital employed in
our business enabling us to keep continually an immense stock of lumber, &c., on hand.
Ag-All our Square Pianos have our New Improved
Overstrung scale and the Agraffe Treble.
We would call special attention to our late improvements in

GRAND PIANOS AND SQUARE GRANDS, PATENTED AUGUST 14, 1866, Which bring the Piano nearer perfection than has yet been attained.

Every Blane Fully Warranted for 5 Years. Sole Wholesale Agency for CARHART & NEED-HAM'S Celebrated PARLOR ORGANS and CHURCH HARMONIUMS.

No. 350 West Baltimore St., near Eutaw, ril 26, 1879-1y. BALTIMORE. April 26, 1879-1y.

#### Fountain Hotel, (Formerly the National.)

Camden Street, near Howard, BALTIMORE, MD. TERMS, \$2.50 PER DAY.

THE undersigned, late proprietor of the Malthy House, has the pleasure of apnouncing to his reads, and the public generally, that he has leased as above Hotel for a term of years, and proposes

A FIRST-CLASS HOUSE. This Hotel being convenient to the Baltimore and Onio Railroad Depot, and also other business portions of the city, will be found as desirable as any other Hotel in the city for business men.

The House has been thoroughly renovated and reformished throughout, and I hope by strict personal attention to business to add to the comfort of all those who may favor me with their patronage.

Having been proprietor of the Maltby House for a number of years, I feel confident of meeting all expectations of the traveling public, and all others.

pectations of the traveling public, and all others.

Very Respectfully,

November 16, 1869-1y.

A. B. MILLER. A. J. BRAND, JR., & CO., WHOLESALE DEALERS IN TEAS

#### AND Commission Merchants.

For the Sale of Cotton, Tobacco, Grain, and all kinds of Country Produce. 147 Pratt Street, (Opposite the Maltby House,) BALTIMORE.

WOULD respectfully call attention to large and While, D respectfully call attention to large and new invoices of TEAS constantly, receiving, including all grades Imperials, Gunpowders, Hysons, Twaukys, Oolongs, English Breakfast and Japans, at Importers' Prices.

Consignments of all kinds of Country Produce respectfully solicited, to which the strictest attention will be given, and in all cases prompt sales effected.

gg-Orders for all kinds of Merchandise and Farming Implements promptly filled.
November 16, 1869-6m.

RIDENOUR, JANNEY, & CO.,

Grain, Flour, Sceds, Pork, Bacon, Lard, Cotton Rice, Tobacco, Leather, Wool, Fcathers, Rosin, Tar, Turpentine, Ginseng, Butter, Eggs, &c., &c. No. 41 South Howard Street,

BALTIMORE, MD.

REFERENCES .- Dan'l Milter & Co., Howard Cole & Co., Carroll, Adams & Noer. Steneburner & Richards, Hoffman, Staley & Co., and Drs. Claggett & Walls, Baltimore; John Janney, Esq., Leesburg, Va.; Lewis McKenzie, Esq., Pres't. A. L. & H. R. R.; Chas. W. Button, Esq., Lynchburg, Va.; Gol. L. T. Moore, Winchester, Va., John R. London,

## CO MMISSION BUSINESS.

THIS well-known Hotel has been entirely reno-vated, and the new Proprietors promise that Guests shall receive every comfort which well-stocked Larders, clean Beds, and attentive Servants afford.

DOUGLAS & CO .. Wine, Liquor & Cigar Merchants. No. 57 Exchange Place, BALTIMORE, MD.

A N additional supply of Builders Hardware Mechanics Fools, Cutlery and Hardware gener ally just received, and for sale by March 22. McCURDY & DUKE.

VOL. 22.

COLLEGE OF ACTUAL BUSINESS

IN AMERICA.

The Bryant, Stratton & Sadler

SOUTHERN

usinestollege.

No. 8 N. Charles Street,

Organized and devoted entirely to

PREPARING YOUNG MEN

TO BECOME

BANKERS, MERCHANTS, ACCOUNTANTS,

BUSINESS MEN GENERALLY;

THERE ARE NO VACATIONS.

STUDENTS CAN ENTER AT ANY TIME.

The patronage of this Institution is chiefly

from the Southern States.

MET SEND FOR COLLEGE DOCUMENTS. TOTAL

Enclose two stamps. Address as above.

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Cortlan & Co.,

Importers, Jobbers & Retailers of

Plain White and Decorated

FRENCH CHINA, DINNER DESERT

AND TEA WARE.

Plain White and Decorated

C. C. WARE,

French China, English Stone and C. C. CHAMBER WARE, CUT AND PRESSED GLASS TABLE CUTLERY, PLATED WARE, AND JAPANNED TEA TRAYS.

Water Coolers, the "Davis" and other Refrigerators,

HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS.

216 and 218 Baltimore St .

Our prices are as low as any House in the coun-

try, and terms as liberal.

April 26, 1870—4m. CORTLAN & CO.

JAMES FITZGERALD.

No. 51 North Gay Street.

BALTIMORE, MD.,

MANUFACTURER OF

Looking Glass & licture Frames.

AND DEALER IN

Steel Line Engravings, Oil Paintings, Chro-

mos, and Crayon Drawings.

MOST carefully selected from Foreign and Do-

IVI mestic designs. Large stock of Pier and Man-tel Glasses on hand. All kinds of Pictures Framed to Order with neatness and Dispatch. November 16, 1869—1y.

Howard House,

Howard Street, near Baltimore Street.

BALTIMORE, MD.

DANIEL WILE & SON, Proprietors.

HOTELS.

SHENANDOAH HOUSE,

MARTINSBURG, W. VA.

JOHN FELLER, PROPRIETOR.

THE Proprietor of this excellent Hotel, not hav-

Virginia Hotel

FRAZIER & SALE.

(Late of Rockbridge Alum Springs,)

THIS Hotel is located in the business part of the

L city. Twenty-five Thousand Dollars have been expended in remodeling and turnishing it with eptirely new Furniture and Beds. Bathing Rooms, fine Bar, Billiard Saloon, and Livery Stables at

American Hotel,

HARRISONBURG, VA.

TERMS, 82.50 PER DAY.

ENTLER HOTEL.

SHEPHERDSTOWN, WEST VIRG'IA. J. P. A. ENTLER, Proprietor,

MRS. MARY C. LUPTON

ached. October 12, 1869-1y.

November 17, 1868-3m.

JOHN M. LOCKE.

PROPRIETORS.

I ing succeeded in selling his property, will, as heretofore, continue to keep the House, but is still

BOARD --- \$2.50 PER DAY. April 26, 1870 -- 6m.

BALTIMORE, MD.

ENGLISH STONE CHINA, DINNER DESERT

\$9, \$10 and \$11 and Vestings; in

SPRING OVERCOATS at from UEPARTMENT. - Cloths, Cassing sure

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April 26, 1870-1y.

ALKER

NOAH

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BALTIMORE, MD.

PIANOS

CHARLESTOWN, VIRGINIA, TUESDAY. MAY 10, 1870.

BALTIMORE CARDS Spirit of Jefferson.

CHARLESTOWN, VA.

The Burning of the Richmond Theatre.

In connection, with the sad tragedy, which has just occurred in Richmond, we extract from "Richmond in By-Gone Days," the following account of the burning of the Theatre in that city in 1811. By which a large number of persons lost their lives. The two events, so similar in their tragic character, will be read with mournful interest:

Temporary Theatres now again gave place to a regular one. A large brick edifice was erected in the rear of the Old Academy or Theatre Square. That, alas! was the scene of the most horrid disaster that ever overwhelmed our city, where seventy-two persons perished in the flames on the fatal 26th of December, 1811, where the Monumental Church now stands, and its portico covers the tomb and the ashes of most of the victims.

The writer, with some friends, reached Richmond that evening from a Christmas jaunt in the country, and went with them to the Theatre-but it was so crowded that we could not obtain admission. A very few hours after, he was aroused by the cry of fire, and hastening to the spot, the first object he encountered on an open space, was a lady lying on the grass apparently in a swoon. He attempted to raise her but she was dead. He afterwards learned that she had leaped from a window, but before she could be removed from beneath it, was crushed by those who sought for safety by following her. The next object that thrilled him was a gentleman so dreadfully excoriated that death mercifully put an end to his tortures in a few hoursbut it were cruel to rehearse the many individual instauces of intense suffering by the victims, and of the scarcely less intense agony

burnt and undistinguishable remains of many of the victims were taken from the ruins and interred on the spot, where their names are recorded on the monument already mentioned. and the ground was consecrated to the erection of a church.

the progress of this dreadful calamity. Gilbert Hunt, a negro blacksmith, possessed naturally a very powerful frame, and by wielda man who might have been chosen by a had reached a window and broken out the other. He called to Gilbert to stand below and eatch those he dropped out. He then ing her from the window as far as he could Doctor's own sister, whose proportions were a feminine epitome of the Doctor himself.— Gilbert caught her and broke her fall, but he

reach, now sought to save himself. The wall was already tottering. He attempted to leap or drop from the window, but his strong leathern gaiter, an article of sportsman's apparel which he always wore, caught in a hinge or some other iron projection, and he was thus suspended in a most horrid and painful position; he fell at last, but to be lame for life. The muscles and sinews were stretched and torn and lacerated, and his back was seared by the flames, the marks of which he carried to his grave.

across the street, and place him with his back against the wall of the Baptist Church; then to get two palings from a fence opposite .-With these for splints and handkerchief for bandages, the limb was bound. Gilbert then went in search of a conveyance to carry the Doctor home. His removal from beneath the wall of the theatre had scarcely been effected, before it fell on the spot where he had fallen ! able to resume practice; and his profession has been adopted by son and grandson, perpetuating the good name of Doctor McCaw, which its founder had worthily established. his freedom-I wish I could add, at the hands of a grateful community; but it was by his

own industry. His philanthropy and efficiency in rescuing his fellow creatures from the flames, were exhibited on another occasion. When the Penitentiary was burned, some years later, the only outlet was cut off by the flames, and the only means of rescue for the prisoners was by opening a new one, through one of the grated windows; no ladder was at hand to reach it .-Gilbert placed himself under the window, and Captain Freeman, an active and efficient fireman, mounted on Gilbert's shoulders, and thus elevated and supported, the Captain cut the brick work in which the grate was inserted, and through the broach thus formed, some of the prisoners were rescued; but the same operation had to be repeated at the second and third stories, and the enterprising pair contrived to reach them by the means now brought for their aid, and succeeded in making other breaches. Just as the flames reached

Gilbert went to Liberia in its early settlement when like all young colonies, it was subject to many hardships and privations .-He preferred ease and comfort, and returned to Richmond, where he resumed his work at the anvil, which poverty renders it necessary still to prosecute, at the age of eighty-five.

- A negro informs the Chicago Times that he wants to see the time come when a negro can vote a Democratic ticket.

An Appeal for the Removal of the Confederate Deal at Gettysburg.

By correspondence and other means, it has been brought to the pecial attention of the Hollywood Memoria Association of Rich-mond, that over thre shousand Confederate soldiers are buried or and near the battle-field

of Gettysburg.

David Wills, Esq. President of the National Cemetery Company, says in a letter to General Fitzhugh Ibe: "There has never been any action by the Board of Managers of the Soldiers' National Cemetery Company here in reference to he disposition of the remains of the Southen dead lying on his battle-field. Neither is here any action contemplated. The character of the Association provides only for the interment of the remains of those who fell in defence of the Union.

"There should be something done with the remains of the Southern soldiers. There are about six bundred marked graves, and these are fast becoming obliverated. Their names might be preserved, and the remains gathered together into a cemetery or burying ground, if any one would take the matter in hand." Their trusted chief, General R. E. Lee, whom they followed, and fighting under whose leadership they fell, approves the plan of removing their bodies to our own soil.

The Hollywood Memorial Association have the disposition to undertake this work, but do not possess the ability, unless generously aided by friends throughout the South. They offer ample grounds in their cemetery, and also the aid of their association to prosecute the work, should it be found practicable to remove the bodies to Richmond.

To accomplish this purpose, means must be raised by the earnest efforts of the survivors of the Confederate army, the mothers, the sisters, and fathers, and brothers, and friends of the slain. Every Southern State has representatives at Gettysburg. Will not active men and women, in every city and town, and county, at once volunteer to collect and send contributions?

MRS. GEO. W. RANDOLPH, MRS. R. E. LEE, MRS. J. L. M. CURRY.

Communications and remittances may be sent to Mrs. G. W. Randolph, 408 Grace Street, Richmond, Virginia.

Southern papers are respectfully requested to copy this appeal at once, and urge its claims upon the generous public.

### Startling Discoveries.

In the "Art and Science" summary of the Old Guard, for May, we have a rather startling account of recent discoveries by M. Bechamp, and another scientific Frenchman. of the nature of blood in man and the milkgiving animals. They have demonstrated by a series of experiments that the blood globules, instead of being real cells as hithertosupposed, are really little microzomes-infinitesimally small animals-of whom there are thus countless myriads running through our arteries and veins; that these develope into bacteria, and other minute animal forms, and that they are in the nature of true ferments. They seem to make their ground very clear, but the editor of the Old Guard, in citing some experiments by Tigri, who, by adding water to pounded mulberry leaves speedily generated Bacteria, puts the pertinent query : "What is the specific difference between these and the Bacteria, into which, according to the observations of M. Bechamp, the microzomes of the blood globules, develope under certain circumstances?" Followed by one still more significant : "Do these microzomes exist in the living blood ?" We are very much personally obliged to Dr. English for the suggestion contained in those querries. It would be very unpleasant to think that we are kept alive solely because countless millions of little wiggle-tailed fellows are running races day and night through our bo-We breathe freer when the suggestion is made that these fellows come through fermentation, when the blood has left our bodies. For all the terrors of trichinee, and all that, are nothing to the horror that M. Bechamp and his comrade have spread before us.

A CATASTROPHE ADVERTED .- At the Paris Opera House, the other night, the inflammable scenery took fire. The managers alarmed the fireman, who promptly turned their hoes on the fire. At the same time the manager said: "A fine for the first person who stirs from his post! Five francs for each one remaining still." Nobody stirred. The ballot dancers stoically allowed themselves to be deluged by the water which poured from the scenery. If one of these poor creatures had taken flight, or a single spectator in the If one of these poor creatures house had guessed what was going on behind the scenes the result would have been most disastrous, and the victims numerous. The coolness and presence of mind of the manager prevented a terrible catastrophe. The ballet lancers earned their five francs bravely. It was remarked in the house, with some surprise, that it rained heavily on the stage, but t was not for a moment suspected that a fire was raging while the chorus and supernumeraries were so calm and immovable. The act was almost finished, and by the time it came to a conclusion the fire was extinguished.

-The Hollow-Horn in cattle, it is said may be cured by the following prescription: Take two tablespoonfuls of ground mustard the finer the better), mix with sharp vinegar until the mustard is thick as sweet cream, and put half in each ear, working it as far up the ear as can conveniently be done. If the animal does not eat in three hours, give another dose. An Ohio farmer says: "I have used the above twenty-five years, and have to lose the first animal vet."

- Mr. Wm. Bodell has shown us a threeegged chicken, which he found this week. It is a curiosity, and would not fit the philosopher's definition of a man, at all. There are a good many "queer chickens" now-a-days.—Shenandoah Valley.

- At the last term of Reanoke county Court, an order was passed for taking the sense of the voters, on the 4th Thursday in May, on the question of a subscription of \$200,000 by the county, to the capital stock of the Valley railroad.

-The prospect for a splendid crop of wheat in the Valley, was never better than it is at present. Everywhere the prospect is cheering. [Rockingham Register.

- Bless God for what you have, and trust him for what you want.

## POETICAL.

DEAD IN THE STREET.

Under the lamp-lights, dead in the street,
Delicate, fair, and only twenty;
There she lies.
Face to the skies,
Starved to death in a city of plenty.
Spurned by all that is pure and sweet,
Passed by busy and careless feet—
Bundreds bent upon folly and pleasure,
Hundreds with plenty, time and leisure —
Leisure to speed Christ's mission below,
To teach the erring and raise the lowly—
Plenty in charity's name to show
That life has something divine and holy.

Boasted charms—classical brow,
Delicate features—look at them now!
Look at her lips—once they could smile;
Eyes, well, never more shall they beguite
Never more, never more words of her?
A blues shall being to the saintlest face
She has found, let us hope and trust,
Pente in a higher and better place,
And yet, despite of all, still, I ween,
Joy of some heart she must have been. And yet, despite of all, still, I ween,
Joy of some heart she must have been.
Some fond mother, proud of the task,
Has stooped to finger the dainty curl
Some proud father has bowed to ask
A blessing for her, his darling girl.
Hard to think, as we look at her there,
Of all the tenderness, love and care,
Lonely watching and sore beart acke,
All the agony, burning tears,
Joys and sorrows, and hopes and fears,
Breathed and suffered for her sweet sake.

Fancy will picture a home afar, Out where the daisies and buttercups are, Out where life-giving breezes blow, Far from these sodden streets, foul and low; Far from these sodden streets, foul and low;
Fancy will picture a lonely hearth,
And an aged couple dead to mirth
Kneeling beside a bed to pray;
Or lying awake o' nights to hark
For a thing that may come in the rain and the dark,
A hollow-eyed woman, with weary feet,
Better they never know
She whom they cherished so
Lies this night lone and low,
Dead in the street!

### MISCELLANEOUS.

THE FARMER'S STORY. BY MARY KATE DALLAS.

"Seen you sit on the fence, sir, writing in that little book. I thought perhaps you might be writing poetry. A good many folks come down here of a summer and make poetry about the sheep and the moon. Peggy reads'em out to me in the paper, and the stories too, sir. Do you write stories? Yes? Well, that's a gift. If I had it I think I could make one about what has happened to me. Peggy says it could be done.

"Now it's all plain sailing, nothing out of the common; but I wasn't always a well-todo old farmer. Once I was a farmer's boya hand- with nothing of my own but a stout heart and strong limbs, and good health.

"Many's the night, when the stars were in the sky, I used to go out to the great pasture where the sheep broused all day; and sit and think thoughts I had no words for, and make beautiful pictures for myself in my mindnot fine ones, sir. This is what I used to see the oftenest: A little cottage with a wide fire place, such as they had in my day. A dresser with a row of delf upon it, four chairs and a table of white pine. When I had these I was to marry Peggy Grey. But when I should have them, and she her white wedding gown and the house linen, neither of us knew. "She put her sixpenses into a red earthen saving bank, and I kept mine in an old glove. For two years we had been waiting and hoping and were not much nearer than at first. Sometimes I felt downhearted. Sometimes her little letters were a bit sad. And just as I sat in the meadow I knew she sat before her kitchen fire in the house where she lived at service. Simple folks we were, but we had hearts, and felt, perhaps, as deeply as greater

folks might. "My master, the farmer, was a close man, He sacezed as much work out of his hands as possible. But it was a steady place, and he paid all he promised; so I staid, never thinking what trouble staying would bring me to -trouble that never would have come but for Mark Hulker. A good-for-nothing fellow he was, a dis grace to the rest of us, and he chested the master and left his work undone. So after hours master set at his stint, and it being indoor work, I kept at it all night. The old man liked that, and set me a new task every night. All the better for me, I thought, he would pay me extra, and what was weariness to me if it brought me nearer to my Peggy. So I counted the hours' work as so many shillings. But when Saturday night came he gave me just my week's work.

"Master," said I, "I've worked over hours every night, you forget that." "I hire you by the week," he said. "I'll give no more than one week's wages. So, if you don't like it, there are plenty of strong lads to be had if you are growing lazy."-Then he turned his back on me, and Mark laughed. That angred me, and words fell from my lips. We had a quarrel, master and I, and I called him a 'niggardly old rascal;' and with that he dissmissed me from his service.

"At dawn you go,' he said. 'You've though she was but a serving lass: worked t-day, and have a right to your bed at believe, and that is saying a good deal." night, but at dawn you go.'

"I marched out of the room, with words I never should have used, and up to my garret, and threw myself on my bed. But I did not mean to be turned out. At midnight I rose softly made up a bundle, and climbed out of a window. I cut my hands with the glass of a broken pane and the blood dropped down upon my clothes. But I was too angry to feel the pain; and I bound up the wound with a handkerchief. Then I trudged on, meaning to look for work next day. So I did, but found none. Then the thought struck me to make my way to \_\_\_\_ and see Peggy. It would be a comfort to me, whatever came. So I turned my steps in that direction, and kept on until night fell. Then, faint and weary, I lay down under some bushes and fell

"Out of that sleep I was aroused by a shout and the clutch of strong hands. Men his pin, and if he proved he had the money stood about me. One shouted my name.-They held me fast and bound me. "I struggled, but it was no use. Numbers

were against my single strength. "What are you? Robbers? I've nothing worth the taking,' I said, at last; when standing still, I saw faces I knew about me-these of the farm hands at my old master's.

"You know well what we want, Jack Mariome,' said one. 'If he did speak an ill behind him, and a hand came down on his shoulder " word at last, he was a good man in the main, and you'd worked for him three years. You might have answered him as you liked, but to try to murder him was too horible. We didn't think it of you Jack-we didn't think

and confessed everything. How he had made "Murdered!" I cried, 'Is old master up his mind to rob old master that evening murdered? Why lay it to me? I swear I never hurt him.'

# Spirit of Jefferson.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One Square, Three Insertions, Each Continuance, One Square, One Month, One Square, Three Months, One Square, Six Months. S.00 One Square, One Year. Ten Lines or less, constitute a Square. Yearly Advertisements by Special Contract.

NO. 36.

"If he is not quite dead it's none of your fault," cried another man. Don't perjure yourself—look at the blood on your clothes."

The blood from my hand was in blots and

smears all over my vest. I felt my heart turn

"He said it was you," said one of the men.
"At least, he nodded Yes, when we asked him if you did it."
"Then old master was not right in his

mind," I said. "He'd sever be against me.

After that I heard the whole. Master had

paid the men and distrissed Mark. He had only said, "All right; I'm tired of work,"

and had eaten his brankfast there, and left in sight of all. But I was gone; and when they found that makes the was always up at spek-erow, did not rise to dire, they opened his door and found him on the floor senseless

-they thought dead, at first. He had been

robbed of his pocket-book, a watch, and an

old-fashioned pin he always wore in his hand-

kerchief-the painted head of a lady, set

around with what he used to tell us were

pearls-an ornament older than his grand-

They found nothing about me of course

but the quarrel and my cut hand made the

The master dying, as they thought him,

had been able to speak at odd times; and said

that to the best of his belief, I was his assail-

ant. It was dask, to be sure, but in the

struggle he felt that the man wore a cap, and I was the only hand who had anything but a straw hat. Besides, he came from the inner

passage and down the stairs, and did not

break in through door or windows as a bur-

glar would have done. And I was the only

missing member of the household. So I laid

in prison with this awful charge upon me,

until they knew whether master would live

Keep it from her,' I begged them, 'until

"And they were kind and did it; and her

letters were sent to me in prison. It was a

weary time, and the one drop of comfort in it came with those letters. I had five from

her when, at the end of one, came this:
"Dear Jack: I never hide anything from

you, and not to boast of my conquests, a thing

I'd never do, but just to let you know that I

keep no secrets to myself, I must tell you

"Our master has hired a man, a lazy fel-

low that I disliked at first sight, Mark Hulk-

er by name; and what should he do but take

a notion to me, or pretend to do so, trying

his best to set up with me after work hours,

and following me about whenever I had a hol-

iday. Then he tries to make me like him by

telling me how rich he is. Four hundred

dollars he has laid by, he says, and has a gold

watch like a gentleman. The other Sunday

"Why Peggy,' says he, 'you've no pin to

"Said I, 'I can't afford money for finery."

one to give you,' and he pulls a pin from his

"Jack, I couldn't help looking at it. It was a lady's portrait, with hair all white-

though she was so young-like an old wo-

man's. He said it was powdered as they did

in old times; and a pink dress-and all about

tiny stones, and no bigger than a silver quar-

ter, altogether. How he came by such a

thing, goodness knows! But of course I

wouldn't have it. Says he: 'Now do take

it, Peggy. I want to keep company with

he were ever so good and handsome. I am al-

ways your own Peggy, and think of no one

me down with a feather. The pin was the

one the old farmer had lost, I knew, and it

was Mark who was the thief, and who had

"I sent for the lawyer who was to take my

"It's old master's pin,' I said. 'What shall

"And he said, 'You can do nothing, my

"Then he went away, and afterwards I

heard what he did. He went down to the

place where Peggy lived, and took her out

of danger of eaves-droppers, and told her all

that had happened. The brave girl trembled

him guilty if an angel told me he was."

"He's innocent," she said. "I'd not believe

"And the lawyer said, out of his heart,

"He's worthy of you, Peggy Grey, I do

"Then he asked her about the pin, and the

two had a long talk. It ended in Peggy

bursting into tears, and promising to do any

thing and everything he asked, if he would

work for little Peggy with her honest heart.

Bless her. She turned herself around and

made a different creature of herself, and she

tried to make Mark Hulker think she had

been coquetting all the while, and-oh, how

she cried when she told me that she let him

kiss her, and put his arm about her waist .-

But she gained her end by it. One night my

good old lawyer and two other men were shut

up in the pantry with Peggy's master, and

she dressed in her best, and waiting for Mark

he bragged of, to promise to marry him, and

Mark came as merry as could be, and a little

"Now lass," said he, "a promise is a prom-

"And just then the pantry door opened

"We'll have you my fine fellow," said a

voice, and there and then they arrested him;

for the money, and the watch and pin were

old master's; and one who knew, his son

"He gave up all hope from that minute,

James, was there with the detectives.

ise. There's the money to count, and the

watch to look at and the pin to wear. Now

"That night she had promised Mark to take

"He told me afterwards, and it was hard

poor fellow, but wait and hope. I have a

side, and who had all along believed me in-

tried to murder him.

I do. sir?"

nocent. I gave him the letter.

clew new, and I'll follow it.'

and wept, but she spoke out.

tell me why she did it.

Hulker.

the worse for liquor."

you'll have me?"

"When I read that you could have knocked

"So says I: 'I neither want your company

you, and now you know the truth.

"Then says he, 'How lucky it is that I've

I was dressed for church, and up he walks.

or die, and my greatest grief was for Peggy.

case hard against me.

she must know it.'

what has happened.

pocket.

sick when I took heed of it.

"Master will clear me," I said.

me climb out of the window; and so dressed in clothes like mine and made his plans to throw suspicion upon me." "My Peggy brought me the good news first;

brought it into my cell, and threw berself weeping, into my arms, crying out, 'You're free, darling; free and clear, thank heaven.'"

"They did not hang Mark; for master, after awhile, got better, and in the end quite well. But they punished him for the robbery and for something he had done of the same kind before ever he came to master's."

"And as for the old man, when he was well, he was so sorry for the charge he had made against me, though he had honestly believed me guilty, as I well knew, that he made me a present of a little farm, and stocked it for me. And the wife gave Peggy her outfit; and here we are as happy as the sheep in the meadow yender, or the bees in the hive hard by. And when we hear talk of books and plays, Peggy says to me: 'Jack, if they only knew our story, they'd made one of it, I'm very sure;' and as they say you're a writer, why I tell it to you, sir."

The Last Scenes of the Appomattox Surrender.

John Esten Cooke, in his new book, Hammer and Rapier," says :

The day passed, and the night-on the 10th the army surrendered formally, stacked arms, abandoned their columns, and dispersed to their homes. The Federal commander had acted throughout all with the generosity of a soldier and the breeding of a gentleman-Not a cheer was heard, not a band played in the Rederal army. When far off a shout rose over the woods, one of the Federal officers hastened to apologize for it.

This is the rear guard-those fellows did none of the fighting, he said.

Those who fought-the Veteran Army of the Potomse, tried in battle, in victory, in defeat, in all the hard life of the soldier-they did not cheer when their old adversaries surrendered. They were silent, and saluted when a ragged Confederate passed. They felt what surrender must be to the men of that army which they had fought for four years-and not a cheer or a brass band was heard.

Why bumiliate their old enemies? Why make more bitter their misfortune? On the 10th of April, 1865, the old soldiers of the Army of the Potomac stretched the hands of comrades to the foe they had fought so long. To-day they are ready to do as much, if the civilians would only let them. There is a personage more ferocious and implacable than the fierciest soldier-it is the man who had staid at home and never smelt

gunpowder; who, while the rest fought, clapped his nauds, saying:
"Fight on my brave boys! You are covering yourself with glory, and we are watching

"If the civilians had been at Appomattox, they would have butchered or handcuffed the men of Lee-would you not, messieurs? You would certainly have split the air with every brass band of the army, and shouted 'Hosannah' at their humiliation."

"Well, see the difference between men who of the Army of the Potomae kept quietwhen Lee appeared at Gen. Grant's headquarters, every head was uncovered. Victory

## The Story of a Horse-Shoe.

This is a simple legend. A good countryman was taking a walk with his son Thomas. As they walked slowly along, the father suddenly stopped:

nor your presents, and please remember that 'Look' he said. 'There's a bit of iron, a horse-shoe; pick it up and put it in your "It was rough, I know, but I hate him so. pocket. And I was none too rude, for he bothers me 'Pooh !' answered the child, it's not worth now as much as ever. Though you know if

tooping for.'

The father, without uttering another word icked up the iron and put it in his pocket. When they came to a village, he entered a blacksmith's shop and sold it for three farthings. With that sum he bought some cherries. Then the father and son set off again on their ramble. The sun was burning hot, and neither house, tree nor fountain was in sight. Thomas complained of being tired, and had some difficulty in following his father, who walked on with a firm step. Perceiving that his boy was fired, the father let fall a chrrry, as if by accident. Thomas stooped, and quickly picked it up and devoured it .-A little farther he dropped another, and the boy picked it up as eagerly as ever; and thus they continued, the father dropping the fruit and the son picking them up. When the last one was eaten, the father stopped, and turning

to the boy, said : 'Look, my son! If you had chosen to stoop once and pick up a piece of horse-shoe, you would not have been obliged at last to stoop so often to pick up the cherries.'

- Forty-two years ago a young girl, now the wife of Mr. Joseph Beetal, residing in Ashland, Ohio, bought a fish of Joseph Charles, of Middleton township. It was served for breakfast, and Mrs. Bectal on eating of the fish got a bone in her throat about the size of an ordinary sewing needle and an inch in length. Physicians at the time expressed their opinions as to the great danger in submitting to a surgical operation, when she refused to have it undertaken, and suffered on with the bone in her throat until Wednesday last, when, in a fit of coughing, the bone became loosened and flew out of her mouth, to her great joy and relief, after an affliction of forty-

- "Why don't you trade with me?" said a close fisted tradesman to a friend the other day. The reply was characteristic : "You have never asked me to, sir. I have looked all through the papers for an invitation in the shape of an advertisement, and have never yet found the sight of any. I never go where am not invited.

The entire alphabet is found in these four lines. They form a pleasant stanza for a child to learn.

God gives the grazing ox his meat,
He quickly hears the sheep's low cry,
But man who tastes his finest wheat,
Should joy to lift his praises high.

- The universe is the visible garment of the invisible.

-God gives birds their food, but they must fly for it. - Pleading at the bar-begging for a

before he was dismissed. How he had seen drink.

J G. RIDENOUR,
Formerly of Hough, Ridenour & Langdon.'
GEO. W. JANNEY JOHN L. JORDAN,
Of Virg nia Of Fred'k Co., Md. General Commission Merchants.

83- Orders for all kinds of Merchandise, Salt, Fish Plaster, Guano, and the various Fertilizers Farming Implements, promptly filled.

heretotore, continue to keep the Rouse, but is disposed to sell, if an acceptable offer be made him.

The Shenandoah House is one of the most conveniently arranged and comfortable hotels in Martinsburg, and the Proprietor will spare no trouble or expense to render the stay of his guests pleasant E. I. Moore, Whicheser, va. John R. Lond Esq. Rockhill, S. C.; John H. Williams, E Prest Trederick Co. Bank; Sam'l B. Prest Washington Co. Md. July 6, 1869-ly. and comfortable.
The fine stock of Liquors, Wines, &c., with which The line stock of Liquors, whiles, ext, while his Bar is supplied, will be kept up, and persons who may patronize him in this department, can rely upon getting the very bestarticle.

The Shenandoah House is pleasantly situated on North Queen Street, near the Railroad.

August 10, 1869.

Spirit of Jefferson copy.—New Era

JOHN G. RIDENOUR has this day withdrawn from the firm of Hough, Ridenour & Langdon.
The business will hereafter be conducted under the name of HOUGH & LANGDON. BERNARD HOUGH

We, the underzigned, would return our thanks to We, the undersigned, would return our thanks to our old friends for the very liberal patronage extended to us in the past, and would assure them that in the future, every effort that fidelity and promptness can dictate, shall be made to promote the interest of all who may Consign to us.

Our Mr. Langdon's long experience as a practical Miller, gives us superior advantages in the sale of FLOUR and GRAIN.

Bernard Hough, HOUGH & LANGDON, Nath'1R. Langdon. 124 South Eutaw Street.

June 29, 1869.

DALGARN & HAINES, Publishers.

Tuesday Morning, May 10, 1870.

The Great Calamity of 1811.

\* \* \* \* \* \*

of their relatives and friends. On the ensuing morning, the mangled,

It is due to an humble but worthy man, to record the services rendered by him during ing the sledge hammer, his muscles had become almost as strong and as tough as the iron he worked-Gilbert was aroused and besought by Mrs. George Mayo to go to the rescue of her daughter. He was soon at the theatre. Within its walls, then filled with smoke and flame, was Dr. James D. McCaw, sculptor for a model of Hercules. The Doctor sash, when he and Gilbert recognized each seized on the woman nearest to him, and lowerreach, he let her fall. She was caught in Gilbert's arms and conveyed by others to a place of safety. One after another the brave and indefatigable Doctor passed to his comrade below, and thus ten or twelve ladies were saved. The last one providentially was the

says he fell with her, both unhurt. The Doctor having rescued all within his

The Doctor directed Gilbert to drag him After a long period of suffering, he was Gilbert, then a slave, ofterwards obtained

them, the last of the convicts was rescued.

Surely Gilbert deserves a pension for his